

THE WIDE-AWAKE CIRCLE

Boys' and Girls' Department

Rules for Young Writers.
1. Write plainly on one side of the paper only, and number the pages.
2. Use pen and ink, not pencil.
3. Short and pointed articles will be given preference. Do not use over 250 words.
4. Original stories or letters only will be used.
5. Write your name, age and address plainly at the bottom of the story.

POETRY.

Applied Science.
By Carolyn Wells.
There was a modern little boy, exceedingly bright and keen;
His name was Thomas Edison Marconi Tesla Green.
At handy jobs about the house he really was quite clever.
And one fine day he set to work with diligent endeavor.

Into his father's library he took the family cat;
A portly Tabby Tortoise-shell, quite elderly and fat.
And by some clever tricks of his he made that pussy growl,
And scratch and hiss and meow and "piss" and claw around and howl.

And as the cat waxed wrathful and yowled and growled and hissed,
That little boy a record made of sputterings of the cat.
A record for a phonograph, which reproduced, with truth,
The cat's remarks verbatim, and set them down in truth.

"What's this?" his parents murmured, when they heard the record played;
"That," remarked Thomas Tesla Green, "is something I have made."
To put out in the pantry. You'll find it very nice.
To keep away the nightly raids of deprecatory mice.

St. Nicholas.
The Naughty Robin.
By Charlotte Richmond.
A naughty little robin
Refused one day to sing
And hid his silly little head
Beneath his ruffled wing.

The other baby robins,
Whose hearts were full of cheer,
Sang out their merry little song
So all the world could hear.
And then, as they were happy,
And as the sun was bright,
They stretched their tiny baby wings
And flew, and flew, and flew.

Until they found—how lucky!
A fine old cherry tree
Just full of lovely cherries
As ripe as ripe could be.

But the naughty little robin
With his head beneath his wing
Lost the sunnier side of life
Just because he wouldn't sing.

UNCLE JED'S TALK TO WIDE-AWAKES.
Now we have reached the long vacation which teachers enjoy, mothers dread and too many children do not know what to do with.

It is a season of idleness and is called re-creation, but no one ever yet re-created by doing nothing.

Some folks think having a vacation is to become so lazy one cannot ever entertain an idea; and others say the only rest worth having is the one which is produced by being busy about something different from regular work.

There is one thing sure, a vacation should never represent wasted time, or double-trouble for parents, since they have work and worry enough in the regular duties of life.

He is dull who does not learn something new every day whether it is a vacation day or a work day.

It is good to be busy, for it is busy people who acquire the most of this world's goods and know the least of misery.

We not only work to make money, but by working make the man, or the woman, and the government.

The vacation term takes its name because of vacant school houses, but it should not mean also vacant minds.

Work-time is doing what must be done, and vacation time should be occupied in doing what one loves to do, unless love leads to idleness, which has been called the resort of weak minds and holiday fools.

We should not work too much, or play too much, but so adjust work and play that the one helps the other.

He who learns something new every day is walking towards wisdom without feeling overworked.

THE WINNERS OF PRIZE BOOKS.
1—Carrie Delessis, of New London—*Journal of Jay.*
2—Grace Sullivan, of New London—

Duxbury Doings.

3—Joseph Giardina, of New London—*Tom Swift and His Photo Telephone.*
4—Katherine Taylor, of Norwich Town—*Talbot's Angles.*
5—Louise Leber, of Plainfield—*The Glad Lady.*

6—Robert Storms, of Norwich—*Herbert Carter's Legacy.*
7—Mary A. Burrill, of Stafford Springs—*A Thrift Stamp.*
8—Bella Richmond, of New London—*Mary Jane's Kindergarten.*

The winners of books living in the city may call at The Bulletin business office for them at any hour after 10 a. m. Thursday.

LETTERS OF ACKNOWLEDGMENT
Mary Stainmeier, of Eagleville—*I received the prize book today, and it is very interesting. Thanks for the book.*

Rose Dubeau, of Plainfield—I thank you very much for the prize book you sent me. I have read it and think it very interesting.

Katherine Taylor, of Norwich Town—I received the prize you sent me. Thank you very much for it.

Elizabeth Whitford, of Preston—I haven't read the prize book you sent me yet. My sister has read it and it was very interesting. I thank you very much for it.

STORIES WRITTEN BY WIDE-AWAKES.
Ray Coon's Bicycle.
When school closed in June, Mother Coon gave Ray Coon a new bicycle. It was the best one she could find. Ray was very happy. He had been wanting a bicycle for a long time. He had seen the other boys often run away from school to go fishing, or to play in the green woods.

No one liked the woods or liked to go fishing better than Ray Coon himself, but he bravely stuck to his number. His language book and his geography until school had closed. Then he played in the woods to his heart's content and nothing added more to his happiness during the long summer vacation than his new bicycle.

When September came, and with it the time for school to open again, Ray Coon couldn't bear to put aside his bicycle. It was such a sport to have a spin over the winding road through the forest early in the morning, when the sun was just rising and the air was cool and fresh.

He had been to school and then to ride to school. All went well at first, but before long he began to feel something was wrong. It was a great slip in the neighborhood—something in which brother Ray Coon's bicycle had been riding.

It was Monday morning of the second week, and Ray Coon rode to school as usual. He was not very sure of himself, but he was determined to go. The lesson was in decimal fractions, and he had the book open before him. He was just about to read the lesson when he saw the Fox boys who were under a tree beside the road. The Fox boys were idle fellows, and they had not yet made up their minds whether to go to school that day or not.

"Look at that!" exclaimed Reddy Fox to Rusty Fox. "That is Ray Coon's lucky boy to have a bicycle!"

"Should say he is," answered Rusty Fox. "We are so poor to buy a bicycle," said the two boys.

Reddy Fox did not understand that it was not luck at all, but that Ray Coon had earned his bicycle by faithful work in his lesson book, and his brother was just being lazy.

One day as they were out Ray Coon came out with his bicycle. Reddy Fox and Rusty Fox asked him if they could take his bicycle. "Yes," replied he.

They both got on. Reddy Fox could not steer it, neither could Rusty Fox. Rusty Fox, so they came to a tree and struck the tree. They both fell and broke his bicycle all to pieces.

When Ray Coon heard this he said, "Anyone who would play a mean trick on a person as good hearted as Ray is should be punished even worse than the Fox boys have been," said the old Ray Coon.

CARRIE DELESSIS, Age 14, Norwich.

The Patriot Boy.
Once upon a time there was a little boy named Jed who was eight years old and had a dog called Fido who was as big as a dog called Fido who was as big as a dog called Fido.

Jed wanted to get a Liberty bond, but where to get the money he did not know. He had a show and made Fido do tricks.

That afternoon he had a show in an old barn and got five dollars. After having three or four shows there he got twenty dollars. He did not know where to get the rest of the money for the Liberty bond.

One day his mother called him and said, "Jed, my sister is sick in Boston and you are going, too, so pack up your clothes and get ready. Fido is going, too."

Jed was going because he thought of another way of earning the money. The first day in Boston he only



KATIE AND HER DOLL, by Ruth Westernead of Willimantic.

walked around. The second day he found an old barn and had a show. There were not many there, but the next day there were many more, and for three days the show had its performance in the afternoon.

After Jed got home he counted his money and had earned thirty dollars—all together fifty dollars. He bought a Liberty bond and he felt very proud. He took good care of it, and Jed was never sorry he bought a Liberty bond.

He loves Fido all the more because he did the trick for him and if it did not notice himself, it was a good thing. They pulled him out, but he never ventured near the pantry again. A. HORENSTEIN, Age 11, New London.

Home Life in Japan.
To read about the Japanese is very interesting. The Japanese people dress like their parents. The children dress like their parents. They cut their hair off. The people have yellow skin.

They do not ride about in a horse and team as we do, but in what they call jirikishas. These are pulled by men. It has two wheels and shifts just wide enough for a man to get between. These men can run very fast. They take a bath twice a day. These baths are in hot water. They get into the bathtub and almost scald themselves. They say this opens the pores of the skin. The bathers then washes himself in cold water.

The people do not change the water. One person goes in after another. The maid servant is the last one. When we go into the house the people bow down to the floor. They do not take their shoes off when they go in, but take their shoes off. The houses are almost empty. The walls slide from one place to another, and we can see right through the house. Their chief food is rice and fish. They have nice meals.

After supper they sit on the floor and smoke. Their neighbors come in and all sit and chat together until bedtime. The people of Japan are very industrious. They are building railroads and cars. They have a few autos, but not many. They soon will make their country a great one. It pays not to be lazy.

KATHLEEN DONNELLY, Age 12, Lisbon.

My Adventures.
I am an aviator. The airplane that I fly in has two twin motors which I call Liberty motors.

I sail these motors like a bird. I have been a good many miles, but my motors never seem to get tired as their propellers twirl around rapidly. They make a noise like bees.

The first time I sat in an airplane I was very much afraid of fear of the very sound of the machine breaking. After a while I learned to navigate it and was very fond of flying. About a month later they heard that I belonged to was called France.

I brought down several Hun machines and was awarded the French war cross. I returned to my home, happy and was greeted warmly. EDWARD HEFFERNAN, New London.

Three Boys and a Dog.
One day while I was at the seashore I found my cousin Walter and his friend Dave playing on the beach. With them was Trixie, Walter's dog, seemed quite tired out, as he had been swimming in the surf and going after sticks that Dave threw into the water.

Walter was afraid to let him go again, but Dave kept him going until the little animal was fairly tired. As he came dragging the sticks up the sand and laid it at Walter's feet the little man begged him and said, "There, now, that's enough. You shan't go any more."

"Oh, bother! What a silly boy you are!" It would hurt him, I thought. "What are you afraid of?" scolded Dave. "Don't send him again. It's cruel to urge him when he doesn't want to go," said Phil, another boy that now came running up.

"Oh, go on! Don't be so wise!" sneered Dave. "Here, Trixie, just once more! Good dog! Go on, now!" and he flung the stick far out into the surf. Quick as thought the little spaniel was plunging after it.

"Don't let him go! He's too tired, and I am afraid the surf is too strong for him," pleaded Walter. And the faithful little creature, obedient to his master, turned and started for the shore.

"He shan't come back! I am going to make him get that stick. Go on, there!" shouted Dave, throwing a stone after the dog. His aim was not too true. The stone hit the struggling creature on the head, and he disappeared under the water. As he was being carried from the ocean carried him out to sea—Unhappily.

The Mischievous Bear.
Long ago there were two hunters who lived near a forest. Their favorite pastime was hunting. They loved the tall, stately trees, the waving grass, and the beautiful wild flowers; but above all they loved the pets they had made of animals while hunting.

One day as they were riding through the forest they heard a low wailing cry. Looking through the bushes, they saw a little brown bear. It seemed to be lost, so they took it home. It was soon a great pet, but very mischievous. Fuzzy, as it was called, liked to get into the pantry.

As he was playing there one day he suddenly began to sniff around. He smelled meat. Instantly he was on the shelf, eating away at the meat as fast

as he could. So busy was he that he did not notice himself eating a pile of dishes and kitchen utensils. Suddenly, crash! went everything off the shelf.

First came Fuzzy, next came the utensils, and last, but not least, came the dishes. Everything piled on poor little Fuzzy. How frightened he was! He tried and tried, but he could not get out.

Soon the hunters came back, but as usual, every corner was searched, but in vain, until they came to the pantry. There they saw a pile of dishes and lo! there was moving. Then they knew at once that Fuzzy was under the Liberty bond.

GRACE SULLIVAN, Age 12, New London.

The Children on the Raft.
Once there was a raft in the water. There were three children. Mary was the oldest, Alice was the youngest, Jack was about middle in age.

One day they were walking along and saw the raft. They might have waded out to the raft. We might have waded out to the raft.

"No, I'm afraid," said Alice. "Nonsense," said Mary and Jack together. So Mary, Jack and Alice waded out, hand in hand. While Mary and Jack were wading Alice was bending over the raft to look at the beautiful water.

Alice fell into the water and screamed with all her might. Mary and Jack did not hear her; but an old friend of father's heard her.

He screamed to Mary and Jack to catch their little sister, while he sailed out to get her. Jack hurried back as fast as they could to save their little sister.

"We've got all our garden work done," said Bert. "Now I've got to go," said Flossie. "Now I've got to go," said Bert.

"What's that?" asked Bert. "I can start up a little garden and plant some and maybe sell some in that way," said W. S. S. said Flossie.

"What's your idea?" said Bert, now glad to find something to do for the boys "over there."

"Let's start right in now, while the sun's up," said his sister, and she always was too!

Every time her brother did something she always said "I'm game," which meant "I'm ready, too."

So they got their hoes and shovels and started to work with their whole heart, thinking of all the Thrift stamps they would buy and keep many soldiers' graves in France.

"If we can't be soldiers fighting in France, we can be soldiers over here," said Bert.

"We have our rakes for bayonets," and Bert could see the merry twinkle in Flossie's eyes.

"You're right," said Bert with a laugh. "Now the garden work was done."

"Now we better go have supper," said Bert. "I'm hungry, aren't you?" replied Flossie.

"You can just bet your boots I am," said Bert.

After they had a hearty meal, the sun was still up, and once more they started on their job, and once more their tasks were the same.

"Now we can put in the seeds, Bert," said Flossie.

"Yes, and Pa will be sure to give us some extra ones," said Bert.

So after they had sowed the seeds in their little garden they went to bed very happy.

But to be sure they did sell a lot of their vegetables for a good price, but they didn't go and buy with the money. Oh, no! But our little friends bought stamps with every cent, and they surely did keep the soldiers' graves and made the water, because they worked with all their heart.

LOUISE LEBER, Age 12, Plainfield.

Life at Camp.
Tom and Bill and a number of other high school boys were camped in a little tent in New Hampshire last summer. It was a very pretty place and the boys were having a taste of real outdoor life.

The first thing they did was the preparing of meals and washing the dishes. They took turns at this duty—"K. P." as they called it.

Nevertheless this was the life for them! They enjoyed all camp life, including fishing. Being in the woods, they also had a nice brook in which to try their luck at trout fishing. But it was only for a short distance. The rest of it was posted, although they didn't know it.

One day Tom and Bill, relieved of their "K. P." duty, started for the brook to get a good string of trout for dinner. They hadn't fished long or with much luck when they at last came to a nice large pool with an overhanging willow tree. It was a wonderful place and the fish were numerous.

"This here brook is posted and if I catch ye here again I'll fine ye, good," he said meaningly, tapping the badge at every word.

The boys looked sheepish and took to their heels. Of course, the boys at camp heard about it, and Tom and Bill were the laughing stock of the group.

That was a good one on them and would be a sweet story to tell when they got back home.

So Tom and Bill had to get out of it some way—so they said they didn't care and would go fishing there again just the same—and Bill would get that twelve inch trout before he left camp. But the other boys were a little afraid and tried to persuade them not to go, but that only made them all the more stubborn and determined.

The next morning they set bravely forth whistling and laughing. When almost to the pool they were a little undecided. Then Bill suggested a scheme.

"Let's try our luck at shooting the big one to the pool just above the fence, where it isn't posted," he said.

Tom heartily seconded this, and after much long, hard labor and dodging about the pool on their hands and knees, this chasing Mr. Trout was really hungry and when Bill threw his line he grabbed it, jerking the pole out of Bill's hand, and with a splash he was in the water.

He was an immense fish and they were now in a fix. Bill landed him and he was a beauty.

In the midst of all this excitement the boys heard a voice. Turning around, they saw a sheriff's eyes were flashing with anger and he drew:

"Well, ye thought I didn't mean it, didn't ye? Come right along with me. That trout cost Bill exactly ten dollars. He said it was worth it, but the boys could never get him to go fishing with them again."

MARY A. BURRILL, Stafford Springs.

When He Was Up to Uncle's.
When I was up to my uncle's I saw some pigs, chickens, roosters and baby ducks. I gave them water every day. My brother and I play with a little girl across the street. Her name is Grace.

We are going down to the Fairview reservoir. I want to help my uncle cut the grass if he will let me.

There are twelve poplar trees all in row. I would like to climb them very much, but I cannot.

I see a great many birds, but I do not know the names of them. There is a big windmill in the yard. I like to watch it turn around.

PRENTICE STORMS, Age 9, Norwich.

Having a Good Time.
When I was up to my aunt's she sent me on an errand. Where I went there were some little signs. Some of them were bigger than my cousin's cat and some were smaller. The father was a great big hog.

"I think if you go in there he will eat you whole."

The boy has a pet rat and a great many toys.

My brother was afraid to hold it, but I was not.

We are going to stay in the country a week. I will every day if my boy could have as good a time as I am having.

ROBERT STORMS, Age 3, Norwich.

UNCASVILLE.
At a meeting of American council, O. U. A. M., Thursday night in the lodge rooms in Palmer Memorial hall a business meeting was held, followed by a collation in honor of Robert F. Edwards, who was held of its members, who have been in U. S. service, and who recently returned from France.

The body of George O. T. Watt, whose death occurred suddenly in Hartford, was brought to Comstock's cemetery for burial last week Wednesday. The funeral services were held in the undertaking rooms in New London. Rev. Charles C. Tibbets, pastor of the Methodist church, conducted the services. The bearers were members of lodges of which Mr. Watt was a member. There was a good attendance of friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred L. Phillips, accompanied by their son and wife, Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Phillips, and little daughter Doris, spent Thursday afternoon with Mrs. Phillips' mother, Mrs. Ellen Chapel, of New London, who celebrated her 81st birthday. Years ago Mrs. Chapel was a resident of this town.

At the meeting of Osoxobio lodge on Friday evening a business session was held to make preparations for the meetings through July and August. After business was finished a fine supper was served to members and guests.

A large number of the townspersons attended the Yale-Harvard races on the river. Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. James Church have been entertaining as their guest Mrs. Richard Butler, who has returned to her home in Holyoke, Mass.

At the meeting of Thames lodge, I. O. O. F., the second degree was worked on a class of candidates and officers were chosen for the coming six months.

Miss Edith Huggard was in New London Wednesday evening when some of the townspersons attended a business meeting of the First Baptist church, held at the home of Mrs. Kate Jewett.

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THE TRUTH ABOUT ECZEMA AND PILES

Thousands and thousands of people, says Peterson of Buffalo, are learning every week that one 35 cent box of Peterson's Ointment will abolish eczema and banish piles, and the grateful letters I receive, every day are worth more to me than money. I had eczema for many years on my head and could not get anything to do it any good. I saw your ad and got one box and I owe you many thanks for the good it has done me. There isn't a blotch on my head now and I couldn't help but buy the Peterson's cure is great." Miss Mary Hill, 429 Third Avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa.

I have had itching piles for 15 years and Peterson's Ointment has cured them. That relieves me, besides the piles seem to have gone. A. B. Rieger, 1121 Washington Avenue, Racine, Wis.

Use Peterson's Ointment for old sores, salt rheum and all skin diseases. Druggists recommend it.

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TOMMY TIDD.

What Tommy Tidd says:

"Oh, go on! Don't be so wise!" sneered Dave. "Here, Trixie, just once more! Good dog! Go on, now!" and he flung the stick far out into the surf. Quick as thought the little spaniel was plunging after it.

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